

OUR BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD

In A L Gerrish

No 18

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THE MISSIONARY HELPER

*I could not leave Thee, Master,
Nor pass from Thine employ;
Thy service is my freedom,
Thy yoke my greatest joy.
Thou dost not bind Thy servants
With any cords but love,
And all are free to stay or leave,
As wish or choice may move;
But who has known Thy service
For love's sake needs must stay,
And work for Thee with heart and hand
The longest, happiest day.*

—Marianne Farningham

Published by The
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
SACO, MAINE BOSTON, MASS.

Vol. XLI No. 8

August, 1918

The Missionary Helper

TERMS: Fifty Cents per year, IN ADVANCE Single Copies Five Cents

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Editor, MRS. NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, *Ocean Park, Maine.*

Publication Office, 195 Main Street, Saco, Maine, W. L. STREETER, *Agent.*

Branch Office, 107 Howland St., Boston, Mass., MISS A. M. MOSHER, *Agent.*

To whom all matters relating to subscriptions should be sent

Entered as second-class matter February 5, 1906, at the post office at Saco, Maine, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 24, 1918.

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The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XLI.

AUGUST, 1918

No. 8

A Prayer for World Friendship

FATHER of all nations, endue us with vision, and courage and resource in Thee, that the crisis of the world may become the opportunity of the Kingdom. Guide our country, empower our churches, inspire and restrain ourselves and all men that righteousness may triumph. For wisdom to discern the means most profitable to abiding peace and international concord; for leaders to point the way and for multitudes to follow them, till all nations are one fraternity; we pray to Thee. Make real the brotherhood of man, O God, and glorify our race in a fellowship of friendly peoples. O Love, crucified afresh by the sin of this world, after this Calvary, grant us, we beseech Thee, an Easter Day and a Triumphant Christ. Amen.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"This poor earth-ball of ours ought to be our home instead of our world, and we ought to be all one family, not at all so large as not to be known to everybody." So said Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Little Grandmother" of the Russian Revolution. "Yes, I am sure it is time for the women to step out as educators, as creators of new relations between one another," she adds. For many years missionary women have been educators. They have been slowly but surely creating new relations. The customs of other countries, the conditions of other women, have become familiar. The beautiful significance of the word "sister" has been intellectually comprehended. There have been ungrudging service and gifts. But there have been no *mutual* experiences as a bond of fellowship, except in rare cases. Then came the war, and of a sudden we were one family, sisters indeed, in a common suffering, a common service. We are finding out not only how alike we are, but also how much each can learn from the other's differences; that the closer we are to Christ, the nearer we are to each other; and we are at least glimpsing the fact that "The peace of the world will in the end depend upon our capacity for friendship and willingness to use it." In the Annual Report of the W. A. B. F. M. S. is this expression, "A new bond unites mothers of all lands whose sons, with ours, have fared forth with splendid chivalry to die for a great cause. The zenanas of India and harems of Moslem lands have had new windows opened to the dawning of the day of freedom, which, please God, will include women. Buddhist and Confucian women are living in your world and mine today, are suffering the same agony and needing the same comfort. Black and brown and yellow hands toil with the white at the ministry of the Red Cross. Service flags with their stars might well hang in Arab tent and Hindu zenana, African kraal and Japanese cottage." To representatives of all these our little bands of women at the front are ministering. Too few and ill equipped, but with a fine courage and full of hope. Of the Bengal-Orissa field the reference committee wrote, "It is simply unthinkable that your Mission is to continue in its present unmanned condition, which taxes every missionary on the field far beyond all reasonable demands upon ordinary flesh and blood."

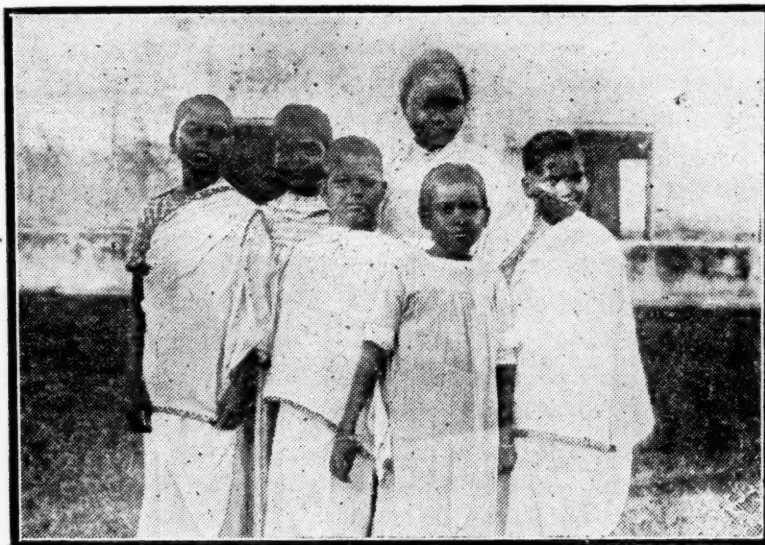
In a recent letter home, Miss Porter wrote, "I read of an African field which the Board were about to give up, thinking it was all a failure; but before they abandoned it they tried the experiment of doubling the mission

force and increasing every means of evangelization there. It turned out one of the biggest successes ever wrought. I just wondered what that policy would accomplish here. I'd like to see it tried. I do wish the American people would have a call to serve here. Are our Free Baptists forgetting Bengal-Orissa, and is America choosing to send money in place of people? We need money, too, but we need missionaries badly." Miss Gowen adds, "When I read that, I at once thought of the wonderful things I had been hearing at the Board rooms in Boston, and the fact that there is money to send twenty-one lady missionaries this fall to the various fields, and there are only eighteen ready to go, among them only one Free Baptist girl for Bengal-Orissa. I couldn't help echoing Miss Porter's words, 'Are the Free Baptists forgetting'?'.....We are grateful to Mr. Robbins for his comprehensive article on the field so dear to us. He writes, "Mrs. Robbins and I think of our visit to the Bengal-Orissa field as one of the very happiest experiences of our trip." We heartily recommend the reading of "Baptists in World Service"—noticed on another page—as an attractive introduction to other fields which we are going to love as soon as we are better acquainted.....Will not the following message from Rev. P. J. Clark, Santipur, help us in our *special* prayer this month for our workers over there? "I wonder how you spell 'Mission Work.' To the missionary it spells this, 'P-r-o-b-l-e-m-s.' You like to hear stories of India's people, and the various experiences your missionaries have, but I wonder whether you realize that life out here is a continual facing of problems and difficulties as we deal with the situations that arise through the waywardness, the childishness and the disobedience of those around us, and how one needs all the human wisdom and tact that mortal power ever had, backed up with Divine wisdom to meet these problems?".....Mr. Krause wrote to a fellow worker, "Vacation days will soon be here with the usual exodus to Chandipore." He referred to the little bungalow which had been made over into a real beach house, and continued, "Mrs. Holder, Miss Daniels and the Krauses are going to christen it in May. I don't feel a bit like a vacation, especially when there is so much activity in the work-shop these days. My latest report shows rupees 7500 sales last year." Mr. Krause is at the head of the Industrial School, Balasore, which the inspector of technical schools says is the best in Orissa.....We like to call this the "Friendly Number" of the HELPER, although it is not so labeled. There are trails of friendliness all over it, even where the word is not mentioned. Can you find them?.....We greatly regret the error in the name of the month on first page of our July number. Please correct your copy so there will not be confusion when you arrange the file.

A BLESSED FAMILY

"The little brown children, so cunning and wee;
 The little yellow children, far over the sea;
 The little red children, in their wigwam home;
 The little black children, wherever they roam;
 The little white children, at home and away—
 All the little children, wherever they stay,
 Are Jesus' dear children; He loves every one."

And how Doctor Mary loves the "little brown children" in her "blessed Orphanage family," of whom she writes in a recent letter! It is a real mother who can see that the naughty ones are growing good, the dull ones are improving, the temperry ones becoming sweet, and that even



"FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT"

Girls from Ujurda, India

the apparently hopeless ones are "not so very bad!" "Jennie is a dear—pretty and sweet and good, and oh, you would be so glad to meet the middle sized children and feel 'the atmosphere'! I had dared to enjoy it, half fearing it was my own desires reflected in them by some mysterious thought transference, but others notice it, too. I can't tell you how glad it makes me."

The picture shows a group of girls from Ujurda, of whom Miss Porter and Dr. Bacheler told us in June. Can anything in the world be more beautiful or satisfying than to have a part in such a transformation

as this? "Ujurda, a miserable, poverty-stricken village, where some twenty years ago the people began to become Christians. They were known as a lot of thieves and robbers then. They are still very poor, often have not enough to eat, and seldom enough to wear. But there is a large Christian community now, with a school of forty or more children."

"We have nine nice girls from Ujurda in the Orphanage. They are children and grandchildren of converts from gross Hinduism, with generations of ignorance and superstition behind them. Seven of the nine are doing finely in school, several leading their classes. The two youngest will doubtless make good later on. They are all docile and industrious." Of one of the girls Miss Porter writes, "She entered a strange school one month late, but at the end of the year stood first in her class. She sews beautifully, is quiet, studious, quick in thought and action, polite and well mannered."

Dr. Mary adds, "I need your prayers that I may have wisdom and patience. I want to know how to lead the girls to better living, higher ideals. I often think of a verse I learned long ago,

'Thou must be true thyself if thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy heart must overflow with love if thou another's heart would reach;
It needs an overflowing heart to give the lips full speech'."

OUR BENGAL-ORISSA FIELD

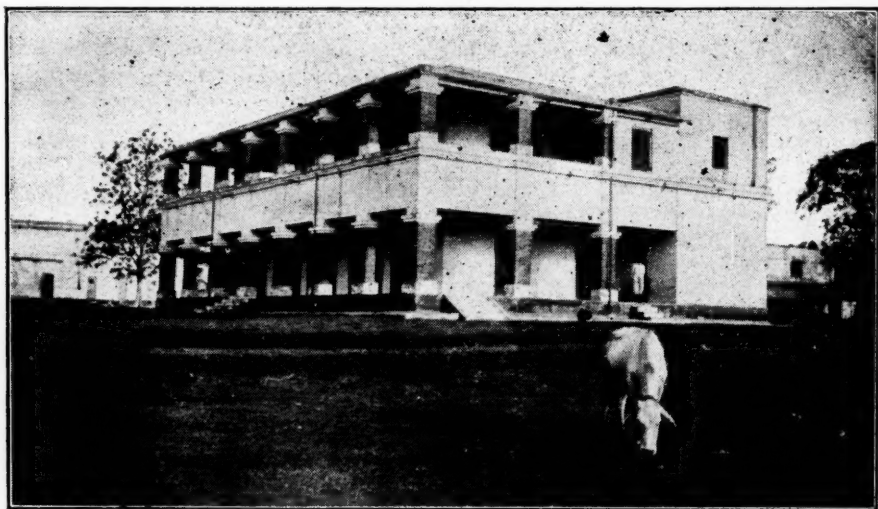
By REV. JOSEPH C. ROBBINS, Foreign Secretary, A. B. F. M. S.

Mrs. Robbins and I think of our visit to the Bengal-Orissa mission, with its small but splendid group of harmonious workers, as one of the outstanding and most pleasant experiences of our months spent in visiting our mission fields in Burma, India, Assam and the Philippines. In this mission it is the problem of open doors, dense population and undermanned fields. The need here is for more missionaries, that we may adequately occupy the field for which we as Baptists are responsible.

The kindness, the thoughtfulness and appreciation of our Bengal-Orissa missionaries were brought out in a letter from Dr. Murphy to Mr. Huntington, dated March 18, in which he writes as follows: "The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins and Mr. Fielder was a real delight. The only problem that we had to present to them was several million heathen to be converted. They helped us with this problem by putting us in closer touch with the Lord of the Harvest. They strengthened our bonds of loyalty to the Board and the great denomination of which we are glad to be a part. They awakened in us a greater sympathy and appreciation for

the great problem you at home and our sister missions are facing. In return we gave them a first-hand knowledge of our field and the great task that we have at hand. We believe that their visit was worth many times the cost, and pray that it may be early repeated."

We arrived in Balasore in the cold early morning of January 23 and were met at the station by Mr. Collett, Mr. Krause, Mr. Hartley and Dr. Mary Bachelor. Two very busy days were spent in this important station with its large boys' high school, industrial school, and other institutions. We spoke to the boys in the high school and to a large meeting of Christians and citizens of Balasore. One of the leading members of the Balasore church, an educated Indian lawyer, was chairman of this



HOME OF SUPERINTENDENT OF HIGH SCHOOL
Balasore, India

meeting. I enjoyed especially speaking to the preachers and teachers of this district. They are as fine and sturdy and independent a group of preachers and workers as I met in all India.

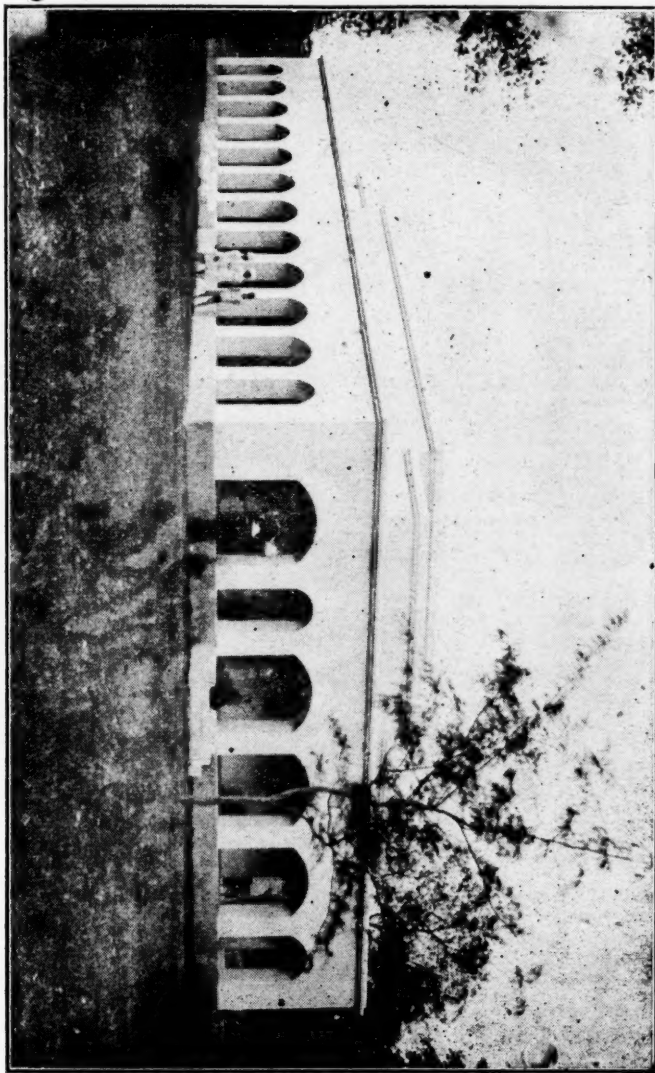
Mr. and Mrs. Krause and the new appointees who had just reached the field, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, are much needed re-enforcements for this great mission station.

From Balasore we went to Jellasore, where Miss Barnes is in charge of the school and church work. We had the opportunity of meeting some of her preachers and saying a few words to them before moving on to Santipore, where we spent a very full day in looking over the manifold

activities of this station. Mr. and Mrs. Clark, who were formerly in the Australian Baptist mission, are entering into this work with fine enthusiasm and there is every evidence of real progress in both the educational and evangelistic work of this station.

The work being done in the modern, up-to-date railroad city of

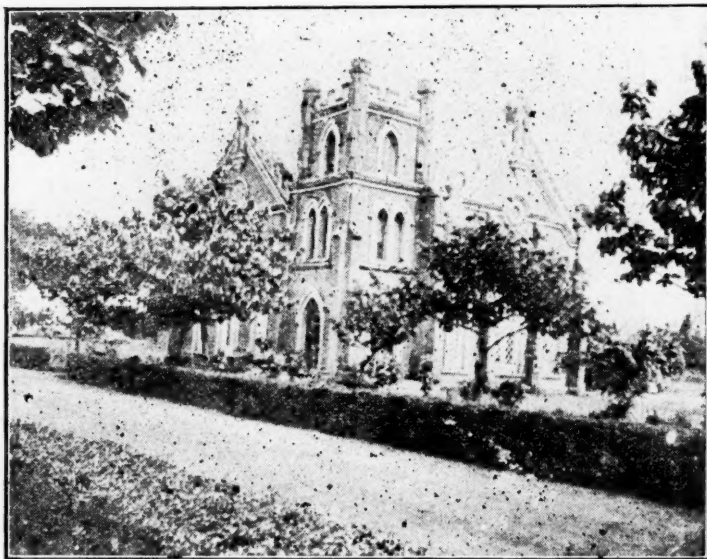
PHILLIPS' BUNGALOW, MIDNAPORE



Kharagpur by Mr. and Mrs. Zo Browne, among the Anglo-Indians in the English speaking church, is a most difficult, delicate task in which these two devoted, cultured young missionaries are being most wonderfully

blessed. On Sunday night I preached to a splendid congregation, and after the sermon Mr. Browne gave the Right Hand of Fellowship to seven young men and women. The church building and parsonage are quite worthy of the denomination in a center like Kharagpur. In addition to the work being done for the Anglo-Indians, we have a strong Indian church here, and a second Sunday School is being carried on in another part of the city by one of the members of the Kharagpur Anglo-Indian church.

Dr. J. T. Ward, formerly a professor at Hillsdale College and for many years a member of the Free Baptist Foreign Mission Board, has

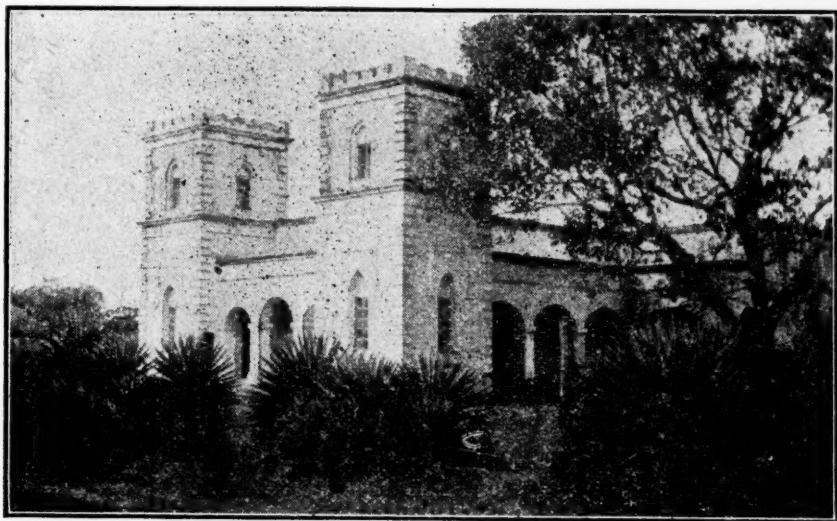


PHILLIPS MEMORIAL CHURCH, Kharagpur, India

given to our Society a sum of money as a memorial to Mrs. Ward for the erection of a church building for the Indian work in Kharagpur. As soon as a suitable site can be secured this building will be erected and will mean much to the development of our Baptist work in this important center. I was happy in having opportunity upon my return to America to call on Dr. Ward, who is now living with his daughter in Yokohama, Japan. Dr. Ward's interest in the Bengal-Orissa mission is very great and it was a delight to me to tell him of this splendid group of missionaries and the wonderful work they are doing for the Kingdom of God in India.

Sunday night we were greeted by the missionaries from Midnapore,

Dr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Long, Miss Daniels, Mrs. Holder and Mr. and Mrs. Howard from Contai. Monday, January 28, Dr. Murphy and I made the trip by motorcycle from Midnapore to Bhimpore and I became enthusiastic over this station among the Santals and the opportunity that is afforded the mission among these people. The Santal field with a population of over a million belongs to the Baptist Board by general acceptance, and the Government is prepared to turn over to us the entire management of Santal education, so that the educational opportunity is here a unique one for our mission. The special need at present is for a high school with industrial features at Bhimpore. The Santals are the



BHIMPORE CHURCH

most accessible people within the bounds of the Bengal-Orissa mission. There are at present evident signs of a mass movement among these people in the near future. At the annual teachers' conference of our Santal teachers a year ago they took an hour by themselves apart to consider seriously and quietly the question of becoming Christians. At the conclusion of this conference the majority of these teachers expressed a willingness and a readiness to become Christians and they went back to their communities to win their people to a decisive movement toward Christ. Thus the quiet and persistent work of our faithful missionaries is bearing fruit.

I was much impressed with the work being done among these Santals.

In the boys' and girls' school the teaching is of a most practical nature and there is a vigor and honesty about these people that persuaded me that if we could develop this work thoroughly we might expect large and permanent results.

The days of the Conference at Midnapore will long be remembered. We seemed more like a large family as we met in the Murphy bungalow and considered together the big problems of the Kingdom and their relation to this mission. As Zo Brown put it in a little farewell address to us just before we left: "This visit of our Foreign Secretary is evidence of a real cementing of Baptist and Free Baptist interests. This mighty oneness was felt still more as we discussed the large and comprehensive policies for Baptist missions. In this discussion we saw ourselves, not as Jew or Greek, Baptist or Free Baptist, but as members of one big enterprise and as fellow-laborers along certain great and general lines of advance in this enterprise. We knew that God is just as near to the human heart in India as He is in Northfield. We felt like saying, and saying reverently, 'Did not our hearts burn within us?'"

This is one of the best organized and most progressive missions in all our Baptist brotherhood. All our missions are giving large attention to the discussion of native leadership and larger responsibility for the native church. In harmony with the emphasis of the Board on native leadership and responsibility, and the desire of the Indians for larger participation in the administration of the work, this mission voted to turn over to their Indian Baptist workers all money used for preachers, colporters, Bible women, zenana workers, and that they be asked to fix the salaries of these workers and have charge of all transfers, locations and the supervision of the work. I am confident that this action is in line with the wisest mission policy and will eventually lead to larger self-support and initiative on the part of the Indian church.

After a very careful survey of the entire Bengal-Orissa mission field it was decided that the ultimate aim of this mission should be to provide one family and one single lady for every 416,000 in the Bengal field, for every 150,000 in the Orissa field and for every 250,000 in the Santal field. All agree that this is a most conservative estimate for the missionary occupancy of these fields for which we are responsible. This would require an addition to the present staff of thirty-two families and twenty-two single ladies. After the war when candidates are available we must try to approach this estimate and so man this compact field in a way that will meet the situation and take advantage of the opportunity facing us here. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

Boston, Mass.

HOME MISSION FLASH LIGHTS

By LENA SWEET FENNER.

Oh, yes, it was at the Mission that little Russian Annie tried to teach me her words for father and mother and baby. Close and warm to me she cuddled, delighted to put my offering in her African box, and to share my ice cream cone!

The occasion was the Easter Party of Miss Miller's Russian Mission, Los Angeles, say Miss Miller's Mission. It is, of course, our Baptist Mission, but Miss Miller has been so long its guardian that she seems a necessary part of it. The three months of study of Africa was consummated by the bringing in of the offering boxes—home mission Russia giving for foreign mission Africa! It was also a Doll Party, when the dolls received at Christmas were returned as guests of honor, and the little mother of the doll in best condition was given a prize,—the prize a no less domestic token than a little sewing apron. After speaking and singing, in English, and games in the garden, of course there were refreshments, and twenty-five blue-eyed, flaxen-haired children of Russia had their fill of ice cream and cakes.

It was at the Bouchet Mission, Los Angeles, on Mother's Day in May, that I looked into the black eyes of a large number of well-dressed, intelligent Spanish children and told them about certain other children in India and their Mothers. A certificate on the wall told me that these children had a "share" in a missionary's salary in Japan.

At Miss Rice's Mission (Miss Rice is a charming New England girl), I visited a Japanese Sunday School kindergarten. One bright-faced mite, in excellent English, recited for me the 23rd Psalm. Their hands were busy coloring outline pictures, while their ears were listening to the story of the same.

Mrs. Troyer is called "the Mother of Mexican Missions." Our seven Baptist Missions up and down our southern California coast owe their birth to the labors of herself and her now sainted husband. It was at an afternoon Mother's Meeting, at one of these Missions (Los Angeles), that I talked—through Mrs. Troyer—at the close of their sewing hour, to a group of Mexican women; talked to them of the life of women and Mothers in India. Incidentally we held in guard a pretty young girl—whose betrothed had come from another city, demanding her in too early a marriage.

Then, into the foothills of the Sierras, I journeyed in the funniest auto-bus on rails, 250 miles away from Los Angeles, to visit an Indian

settlement and mission. A wild carriage ride was taken on Saturday, miles into the hills, with the young girl missionary—here all alone—visiting the homes of Indians away on their ranches. No church in India—in my experience—was ever so hot as was that pretty little Indian Baptist Church, snuggled away up high in a bowl of the Sierras, on that memorable Sunday—110° in the shade! After telling this Indian audience—through Hoseo Dick—stories of my Indian friends across the seas, and thanking them for singing to me in the Shoshone language, I ventured to sing for them in Bengali. They liked this, and from all over the audience came the audible “chow-oo-e,” “chow-oo-e” (good, good). Incidentally, in my remarks, I gave our “namaska” greeting in word and motion. Coming out of the church, I found the girls delighted, repeating it to each other and to me. Isn’t the world small, and dear!

One of the rarest opportunities I have had—one that no tourist bureau advertising jaunts through underground Chinatown could give me—was with Miss Ames, thirty years our missionary in this work, visiting the real homes of Chinatown, San Francisco. To avoid seeming a curious intruder, I took with me my India laces and photos. How those women enjoyed them, busy women though they are, leaving their work and eagerly looking and listening! Listening as I told them of these, their neighbors in their home-land who know Jesus, and how this knowledge has cheered and enriched their lives. A few understood in English, for the others Miss Ames or the children interpreted. They thanked me in gracious oriental fashion for coming to see them.

These women do not go out to the factories, but take factory work into their homes—garments of many sorts, machine made. In one dark, cold, underground home, a mother of twenty-five children was working on soldiers’ uniforms. I wondered if our Government knew the sort of places into which the garments of its boys went.

So in contrast was the Christian home of our colporter, Sum Sing and his wife and seven fine children. They, too, were busy, the mother with shuttle, making mesh laundry bags, two of the girls working on pretty English dresses for themselves. The oldest daughter, Ruth, left her sewing to play for me on the piano. She is in second year High, and hoping to go back to their village in China as a missionary. Sum Sing gave me his photograph. There is a squad of one hundred Chinese recruits from the Bay Cities, training in Uncle Sam’s army.

The Pacific Coast surely furnishes a variety of nationalities and experiences for the person interested in our Baptist Home Missions.

And all these belong to Him, who came to give life, life more abundant.

Seattle, Washington, July 4, 1918.

QUIZ

- Who is giving splendid service?
What has "one goal, one purpose"?
Who is the one figure that stands—"victor among the defeated"?
What is our supreme patriotic duty?
Where was a great day for women?
What did our delegate say about "the biggest thing"?
What was an "Adventure in Faith"?
How many young women are expected to go to foreign mission fields in the fall?
What was Mrs. Montgomery's charge?
What was a moment of intense emotion?
What can you tell about a Michigan girl?
How does she speak of "atmosphere"?
There is nothing quite so beautiful—as what?
What symbols remind of inner darkness?
Where and how did a group of young men change from ridicule to respect?
Who ran away because she wanted to be good?
How did it happen?
What is the latest news of Rajkumari?
What is a Mela?
How is Miss Coombs trying to get acquainted?
Who went "over the top"?
What is a two-fold opportunity?
It is inspirational to know—what?
What gives intimate glimpses of women in oriental homes?
What are inseparable?
Who is a challenge?
What notable anniversary was observed in Rhode Island?
What changes have been made in the Home Mission department?
Which auxiliary sent the largest contribution in May?
What is a worthy prayer for citizens of this land?

(Answers may be found in the July HELPER.)

"No man truly loves, who would not by persistent culture, by steady submission to life's discipline, and by continual growth, bring to his friend a constantly enriching self."

IN MEMORIAM

"Near after distance,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.

After long agony,
Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway,
Leading to this."

Mrs. Mary S. Frye, West Falmouth, Maine, March 16, 1918

Martha J. Sawyer, Alton N. H., May 18, 1918

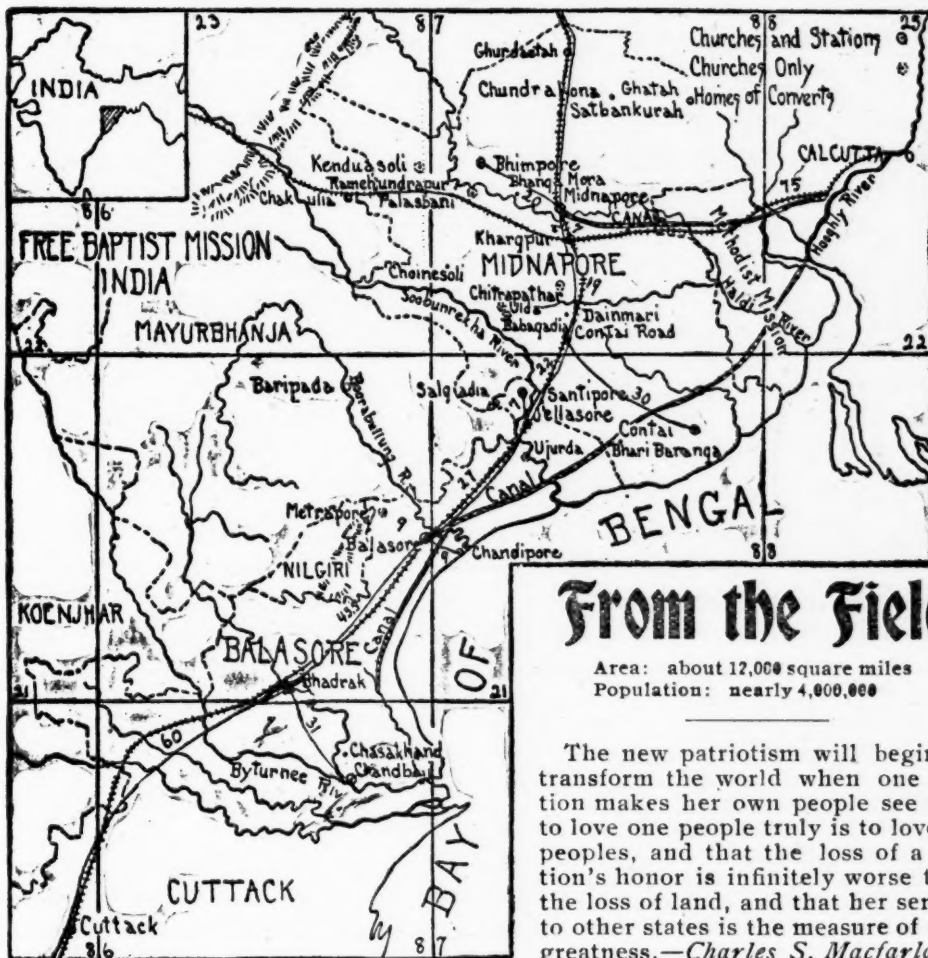
Mrs. Charles S. Firman Oneonta, New York, May 29, 1918

Miss Merlie W. Roberts, New Hampton, N. H., June 19, 1918

Mrs. Diantha P. Small West Falmouth, Maine, July 10, 1918

Mrs. John N. Rand, Haverhill, Mass., May 22, 1918

RECEIVED.—"Baptists In World Service." This might be called a missionary war book, filled with stories of the splendid service of our soldiers of the Cross in the front line trenches. It is published jointly by the two Foreign Mission Societies, is intensely interesting, attractive in appearance, illustrated, packed full of facts, statistics, and stories of personal experience—a real help to every program maker, as well as of vital interest to every Baptist. Price, 15 cents....."Missionary Surveys," a series of leaflets describing the various mission fields of the A. B. F. M. S., including the Bengal-Orissa field. Price, 1 cent each....."Christianity in Practice," a series on types of service....."Missionary Episodes," "War Work of Northern Baptists." Order any of the foregoing of the A. B. F. M. S. Literature Dept., Box. 41, Boston, Mass....."Survey of the Moral and Religious Forces in the Military Camps and Naval Stations of the United States." Prepared by the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, 105 East 22d St., New York....."What Is Being Done to Promote the Principles of Universal Brotherhood," by Shelby M. Harrison, Director, Department of Surveys and Exhibits. Russell Sage Foundation, New York, 10 cents....."The Home Mission Task," an introductory statement by the Executive Secretary, Alfred Williams Anthony, D. D., showing the breadth and reach of home missionary endeavor, and the spirit actuating home mission workers. "Negro New-Comers in Detroit," by Professor George E. Haynes, Director of Negro Economics, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C. A study of negro migration with reference to economic, housing, recreational, educational and religious conditions. Home Missions Council, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.



AN INTERESTING TRIP (But not by "lightning express"!)

Thursday evening, the fourteenth of March, I took the evening train for Jellasore, where I was to stay over night with Miss Barnes and go on with her to Quarterly Meeting at Salgudia early next morning. I found her bullock garry and Joseph, the driver, waiting for me at the station. Then came a jolly ride behind Suna and Rupa (Silver and Gold) for Miss Barnes' bullocks are taught to trot right along. The cool evening air was delightful. I found Miss Barnes and her family waiting up for me. We packed off to bed as quickly as possible. At three the next morning I was awake watching the new day come over the world. It was beau-

tiful. At six we had eaten *chota hazri* and were setting off across the fields, Miss Barnes on a duly, borne by four men, and I in a swinging chair with six to carry me. One man took our suitcases, suspending them from a bamboo which went over his shoulder.

It was a beautiful trip, sometimes through sal jungle and sometimes across stubbly fields. We crossed one river and two narrow ravines. The sal jungles were in blossom. I had heard reports of their beauty but that was my first view of them. The sal is the tree the silk worms feed on and I have always respected the silkworm for its good judgment. I do not know a cleaner, more appetizing looking tree. At this time of year the leaves are all new and fresh and the blossoms clothe the tree in fairy white. Then as we went on we came to whole groves of mohul trees. There were no leaves on them then but many fleshy blossoms. These fall off during the day and are either eaten by bears or cows or gathered by people, who dry them and make cakes of them or else make liquor. Nobody ventures out very much at night for fear of bears, but early in the morning men build bonfires to scare them away while the fruit is gathered. Then when the cows are let out they make a dash for what is left. Those white balls all over the ground made me think of manna.

I reached Mr. and Mrs. Ager's house at Salgudia soon after nine, and Miss Barnes arrived nearly three quarters of an hour later, but the baggage failed to appear. I had put on my worst looking clothes for the trip, intending to change as soon as I reached there. But "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

We received our boxes thirty-six hours later. I should not have believed I could be so happy with nothing. I did have my Bible, my lace work taken for the exhibition at Mela, one hand towel, and my knitting. Oh, yes, I had my steamer rug and a very thin pillow.

Mr. and Mrs. Ager are building a new house there for themselves and meanwhile are living in the schoolhouse. So it was a bit like camp life, mud walls, mud floors, thatched roof, improvised bathroom, etc. They are on a different basis from other missionaries. They own land there and are building a home, where they will probably settle down for the rest of their lives. For years they have supported several boys and girls as their own children. I enjoyed my stay with them very much. The whole town looks to Mr. Ager as their leader, and Mrs. Ager does much for those people.

The Quarterly Meeting was especially good. Forty-two preachers and delegates were entertained in that little village. Our preachers are

developing so much. Their services and sermons were strong, helpful, spiritual ones and the spirit everywhere was excellent. There are some splendid men among them. We had a service Friday evening, three Saturday, three Sunday, and three Monday. It was all good.

Tuesday morning Miss Barnes and I set out at five o'clock in a bullock garry on the road to Santipore. We were about three hours winding along trails through sal jungles, crossing streams or bumping over rice fields. I actually got seasick and had to get out and walk. A heavy dew hung over everything, dampening our clothes but shielding us from the sun.

At Santipore we found Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Ruth Daniels, Mr. Collett and Mr. Hartley. Others came later. We had a jolly party with gay times at meals. We continued to attend meetings. They were good, but not so serious as the ones at Salgudia. The exhibition of sewing, lace work, mat weaving, pottery, drawings, etc., was good. Two plays were presented. Hundreds of Christians and Hindus gathered to see them.

Well, I had a good time, learned a lot of new things, read one new book, the confessions of a Brahmin who left service in a Hindu temple in his search for truth and found what he desired in Christianity. I knit a pair of soldier's hospital socks, sold thirty rupees' worth of lace, had an Indian breakfast (delicious) at Miss Barnes', talked schools with people, and had fun with my fellow missionaries.

Ruth and I left the Mela Friday night at eleven o'clock in two bullock garrys. Bumpity-bump we went asleep on our beds of hay. At times I thought it prudent to rise and view the landscape o'er, especially when we rushed pell-mell down the river bank, dragged across the sands, forded the river and hunted for the next piece of cart track on the other side. The moon went down and the drivers were not very sure of the way. Ruth's driver went past the turning, so my man got ahead. A bit later I missed Ruth, for my garry was making better time. I reached Jellalore station at seven minutes of four. My train was to go at 5.30 and Ruth's at 9.00. She was nowhere in sight. So, shaking out my plumage a bit, I crawled back into my cart and slept soundly until after five. Then I prepared to leave. Still no sign of Ruth. Just as my train was about to pull out she arrived. Her man had lost the road, waited for daylight, got someone to help him, and the someone in turning the garry across the rice fields had upset the whole thing. However, they arrived safe and all right, having had no more experiences than most folks have in taking the trip. I got home Saturday morning and have been picking up my work again.

AMY PORTER,

Balasore, India

IT HAPPENED IN CHINA

(Extracts from letters from Wayne Jordan, Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Wuchang, China, to his father, Prof. L. G. Jordan, Lewiston, Maine.)

Last Sunday was Easter and I was booked for a talk at the Y. M. C. A. on "Life." Perhaps I have told you that we are giving a series following Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and calling it "Christianity in the Terms of Biology." My topic was an especially interesting one and I enjoyed getting ready for it. It meant rather more careful work, as I gave it in Chinese, and such ideas as biogenesis, environment, correspondence and spiritual world do not flow quite so automatically from my life as do summer conference, membership campaign, board of directors, budget, etc. This observation reminds me of the Dutch Legation interpreter in Peking, who was telling us an experience of his first year in China. A lady at the table asked him to tell the waiter she wanted a spoon. He told her that he was sorry not to be able to help her and would be only too glad to have done so in case she had wanted an "indemnity" or "coup d'etat."

We have an interesting group turning out for these Sunday night meetings. One fellow was there whose home is outside the city and he has never been able to attend evening sessions because of the closing of the gates of the city. He said he had made arrangements to stay at a friend's house that night. Another fellow was there who had been at our winter conference and whom we had not been able to reach since. This man stayed afterwards and said he wanted to join a Bible class, and some of his schoolmates also did. We have eight classes now every Saturday evening. In spite of rain there were more than 50 men there last evening. . . .

We had a reunion yesterday of the winter conference students here at the house. We had tea first in foreign style with sandwiches, cakes and cookies. Then we tried our skill in putting an eye in an eyeless bird drawn on the blackboard, laboring on the same with our own eyes blindfolded. Then we sat in a row and each watched our right hand neighbor drawing a picture. The picture produced by the last man was not exactly the same as that of the first. Then there was an effort to find a hidden object by the help of the softness or loudness of the accompanying music on the piano. All of these amusements you will see are useful, regardless of language. The whole occasion seemed to result in a distinct humanizing of our respective relationships and an increased feeling of acquaintance and confidence.

This is Palm Sunday and the spring-like air of the day would make it possible for the events of that Sunday in Palestine to have happened here. It certainly is looking beautiful outdoors these days. All the brown places are getting green and flowers are beginning to spring up all round. Our compound seems to be a favorite place for birds, and we wake up in the morning to listen to several different kinds of singing.

Our political storm has whirled away from our horizon and is again upsetting the equilibrium of Hunan province. With the recapture of Yochow by the northern troops, the whole danger of fighting close to us is put off, and if the northern men hold together there is no doubt that they are much better equipped and trained to keep on victoriously. There seems to be no corresponding improvement in the management of things at Peking, but we continue to hope for the future.

We have been faced with a food crisis owing to the dependence of Hankow on Hunan province for rice. It has raised considerable of a problem in regard to the feeding of the school children in the Hankow Y. M. C. A. . . .

We are still very uneasy about the spotted fever or cerebral meningitis. Two boys evidently contracted it outside. One of them came back Saturday, having had only a cold, and I hope that we shall hear the same of the other one tomorrow. The pneumonia plague seems to be under control in the north now, though they are still strict on the Peking-Hankow railway. We were surprised to learn the other day, however, that it had broken out at Nanking and there were already 26 deaths. The river boats have immediately cut out the Nanking stops, thus no doubt greatly inconveniencing traffic for the time being, but safeguarding us here in a very effective way. . . .

I wish I could have taken you with me tonight to the association to hear one of our series of discussion meetings on religious topics. There was a fine group and they got into animated discussion afterwards. One or two of whom I least expected it got quite excited in defending Christianity, though not yet definitely committed to it themselves. Others were opposed, but not in an unreasonable way. The discussion was closed and all blended their intellectual sing. They are not accustomed to Western style of singing but got real melody and enjoyment out of "I Need Thee Every Hour."

TREASURER'S NOTES

A general communication from Miss May Huston, W. A. B. H. M. Society N. E. District Treasurer, came to our desk recently; its import, in a few words, was given in last HELPER by the Editor, but we think it not amiss to pass on its message quite fully, for thus, to those who are of an inquiring mind, the reason for the change in forwarding gifts will be made apparent, while emphasis will simply fix in our minds the new way of doing: "The Board has voted to make the district treasuries of the American Baptist Home Mission Society the medium of collecting money in all districts. This has been brought about by the duplication of work caused by the unified apportionment, which has resulted in more, rather than less, work in the offices. The effect of this order in New England is that all money intended to apply on *apportionment* is to go to Rev. W. A. Hill, Ford Bldg., Boston, Mass."

Individual gifts, we are told, should be sent to Mrs. Dora Goble Laycock, 2969 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill., to whose office should also be directed correspondence relating to Woman's Home Mission Work, and all questions.

(We would suggest for forwarding H. M. gifts in other than New England District that information be sought from the State officers. Once in the swing of regular routine, all will be plain sailing.)

We are asked to give this information to the one in our church who handles the missionary funds, and also to use our "influence in the continuance of quarterly payments, as it would be a great saving of funds, if the societies were not compelled to borrow money."

Your first query will be, as was ours, "Is a like change to be made in the manner of forwarding the gifts of the W. A. B. F. M. Society?" By way of answering this question we pass on this official word: "This does not in any way affect the work of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society. Gifts on apportionment and from individuals go to the District Treasurer." (W. A. B. F. M. S., as previously given.)

Quarterly payments! let these be emphasized. Let them be the goal toward which we reach, and which we attain.

We have been asked, "what is *now* the closing of our financial year?" We answer,—*March 31st is the date.*

To our "perplexed" friends we say,—“Don't be 'at sea' with reference to any details of union routine, for Union is sufficiently launched for perplexities to be quite out of order. Ask questions, and more questions, until

you *know* the course of our gifts to their destination, by the most direct route. Their safe passage is assured. It is yours to know the manner of their going.

A goodly number of good Thank Offerings this month, are there not? This gratitude season is a blessed one, filled with the thought of the days that were, and satisfaction in the accomplishment of the days that are.

We like the way in which Pacific Coast friends designate their T. O. gift,—“to help continue publishing THE MISSIONARY HELPER.” “I am thankful for its publication,” one says, “I enjoy reading about the work being done in those places where Jeremiah Phillips labored so many years ago.”

Scarcely had the T. O. gift of our friend, Mrs. C. S. Firman of Oneonta, N. Y., been credited, when word came of her passing on. Her keen interest in our Society and its HELPER, found expression at all times in earnest effort and generous gift. Those of us who were at Annual Meeting two years ago will remember the artistic quilt she had fashioned with her own hands and sent to be sold for the benefit of the HELPER. In little ways and large ways, her life was ever constructively helpful.

Mrs. Lightner, Storer's Treasurer, writes: “We have had two weeks full of inspiring services. About eighty Y. M. C. A. secretaries have held their summer school here. Many were from army camps, one from India, one from Africa.

They appreciated the hospitality of our dormitories, our chapel, recitation rooms and grounds, and our gymnasium for athletics. Later in the season the Colored National Educational Association will convene here. Between times the summer boarders will rest and recreate here.

Is not this real conservation of a school plant?” We think it is.

When these “notes” are read, the summing up of our year's work in its various departments will have been made at Annual Meeting. Regarding the financial outcome, we think you will agree with us, that our receipts, while naturally fragmentary, have been surprisingly sufficient to permit satisfactory accomplishment for the year.

And together still, though in a new way, we serve this present year, let it be in a large way.

Cordially in service,

EDYTHER R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

JACK AND JANET AGAIN.

Juniors who traveled around the world with Jack and Janet Howard will be glad to go with them to the Philippines. The author of the former study book invites all juniors to join the twins in their explorations of these fascinating islands in the Pacific so closely related to us. This new book, “Jack and Janet in the Philippines,” has lots of pictures, lists of questions

on each chapter, a pronouncing vocabulary, and helpful suggestions for leaders. Price, postpaid: Paper, 30 cents; Board, 55 cents. Supplementary material: Set of 12 post cards from the author's collection of fine photographs, 15 cents, postage 2 cents. Outline map on which to mark route of Magellan and that of our travelers, 15 cents, postage 1 cent.

Passports on which descriptions of the children should be made out—age, height, complexion, nose, eyes, and on which attendance, etc., can be marked—each child should have one—2 cents each, 15 cents dozen, postage, 3 cents. Sketch Book, 15 cents, postpaid.

Order of Literature Dept., W. A. B. F. M. S., 704 Ford Building, Boston, Mass., or 450 E. 30th St., Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

I always object to writing the notes for August. This is in no way because I have no message of greeting for my friends who read the HELPER, but because any message I may word, any suggestion I may make, runs always the risk of having its significance changed by something that may happen at the Annual Meeting which comes between the time I must write my August notes, and the time you get the notes to read.

But whatever new plans may come out of annual meeting, what has gone before must remain, so we will be perfectly safe if we consider for a little at this time some of the people and some of the circumstances that in years that are past have gone into the making of the HELPER.

There will be some who read this who will remember when there was no HELPER. I am not of these. They can tell interesting stories of how the HELPER was conceived and brought into being that I cannot tell. But as far back as I can remember I can remember hearing about the HELPER. One of my earliest recollections is going with my mother to a meeting about the HELPER in Providence. Mrs. Brewster and Mrs. Hills were at that meeting, and some other women. I had some copies of the *Myrtle* to amuse myself with, but in spite of them, I found the meeting dreadfully uninteresting, and what those women would stay there hour after hour for, talking about the HELPER, when one could go outdoors and see things, was more than I could understand.

Well, I understand now. I see it was just that devotion that made interested women sacrifice their own pleasure to plan something that would be of real Christian service. And it seems to me that although my mother is doubtless the only woman living who was at that Providence meeting, there are other women ready to give the same devotion to the same cause.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

Through our reading, study and social life as a missionary society, "May we become true witnesses of Thy will toward men, of the pure life of Thy Kingdom and the glad assurance of Thy presence. Build up our faith, increase our joy and multiply our service; that Thy life may shine through our lives for the help of others."

TOPICS FOR 1918-1919

September—	Acquaintance Party
October—	Oriental Housekeepers
November—	Christian Americanization
December—	Oriental Women in Industry
January—	Broadening Horizons
February—	I. Prayer and Praise. II. Christian Literature
March—	Story of the Trail Makers
April—	A Congress of Women
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Training Camps in the Orient
July—	Field Day.

SEPTEMBER.—ACQUAINTANCE PARTY.

"Our highest service to our friends lies in this, that they should catch some glimpse of God through our lives."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

(This is first of all a *friendly* meeting, for long-time friends and new, but especially to widen our circle of friendships. The invitations, poster, program and simple refreshments should all express, informally but heartily, real friendliness. Such a meeting would be a fitting climax to an "Acquaintance Drive.")

OPENING SONG.—"The Golden Chord," (*Missionary Hymnal*, page 35.)

This should be preceded by a brief explanation of the theme and purpose of the "Party," by the leader.

SCRIPTURE READING.—John 15: 9-17.

PRAYER.—"O God, our Father, whose best gift is friendship and who alone canst give the power to be a friend, fill our hearts with the cleansing passion of Christ's love; and help us to show the spirit of His friendship in self-forgetful love for our friends that they may find it easier to believe in Him. Grant this for His sake who laid down His life for His friends. Amen."

LINKS IN A GOLDEN CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP AROUND THE WORLD. ("The Missionary enterprise is the Christian campaign for international goodwill.") Each member gives one "link" by telling a significant

fact as related in "Baptists in World Service," beginning with the number of stars on our service flag. Each country should be represented. A striking incident under Africa is that of a son of a former cannibal, page 71.

INTRODUCTION OF OUR MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS IN BENGAL-ORISSA AND AT STORER COLLEGE. (*Very brief* introduction of the missionaries supported by the F. B. W. M. S.) For example: "I am happy to make you acquainted with our friend, Dr. Mary W. Bacheler, daughter of our earlier missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. O. R. Bacheler. As a little child she was the means of opening the first Mohammedan zenana in Bengal—but that is another story! She is not only a medical missionary but also the devoted mother of nearly a hundred children in Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore, India. You can't help loving her."

SINGING.—"God Bless Our Heralds of Light," (*Hymnal*, page 103, 1st, 3d and 5th stanzas.)

PRAYER FOR OUR FRIENDS.—("He hath made of one family all nations.") For our world-wide and our special friends in service, and "that every friend of Jesus Christ may realize his friendship's obligation so to live as to commend his best Friend to others."

SOME FRIENDLY THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SHARE.—The leader, or someone specially appointed, tells in a few words what our money is doing, of our HELPER, our study together and social comradeship, and cordially invites all present to join in this fellowship of service, gifts, prayer, reading and pleasure, wholly or in part.

BENEDICTION.—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee, and lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." (Words and music in *Hymnal*, page 63.)

NOTE.—Along with the other food might be served something like this: A Conservation Menu—Food for Thought, Spice Cake and Dates, Missionary Ice, Assorted Nuts to Crack. For spice cake repeat some of the amusing stories told by missionaries. In serving dates pass a plate containing some important missionary date, and the event which made the date notable written on cards. Ask each member to compose a rhyme that will fix the date and the event as firmly in mind as

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus crossed the Ocean blue."

Under Nuts to Crack, serve questions about present-day missions to be discussed. Missionary Ice may be a story—briefly and brightly told—of some missionary in the North. For instance, the experience of Rev. Egerton R. Young, as related in "By Canoe and Dog Train," chapter 14.

Our Quiet Hour

"God himself cannot do some things unless men think; He cannot do some things unless men work; and there are some things God never can do until He finds a man who prays."

WORKING TOGETHER WITH GOD.

"Now thanks be unto that God who always leads us forth to triumph with the Anointed One, and who diffuses *by us* the fragrance of the knowledge of Him in every place.—II Cor. 2:14 (literal translation).

"In a very beautiful, far-reaching sense this declaration of the Apostle may be applied to the women who have banded themselves together for the one supreme purpose of making Jesus Christ known. For this our organization was formed, our missionaries sent forth, our mission stations planted. What is true of the association must be equally true of each individual member; and we find the Apostle Paul emphasizing this personal application: 'For we are a fragrance of Christ grateful to God in those whom He is saving.' But we have nothing whereof to boast, for 'we have this treasure in a fragile vase of clay, in order that the surpassing greatness of the power may be seen to belong to God and not to originate in us.'

"From whence comes the sweetness of the rose? the perfume of the lily? The analyst may tear away the petals and bare the heart to the searching gaze of the microscope; the chemist may apply his art and extract the priceless perfume, but neither can trace its source. It is a breath from God imprisoned in His own handiwork to sweeten and beautify the earth.

"In like manner, the very life of God has been entrusted to our keeping. The Word is again made flesh and dwells within us. The Spirit of God transforms our bodies into temples for His use.

"Says F. B. Meyer: 'God is limited, being spirit, and through us He seeks bodies for the expression of His saving love to men.' The thought is so great we may well ask with the great Apostle, 'And for such service as this who is competent?' Our unworthiness cries out with Paul: 'For I know that in *me* dwelleth no good thing.' Yet as cleansed vases we may gladly claim the privilege of bearing with us wherever we go this heavenly treasure whose fragrance shall, one day, fill the whole earth.

"If the disciples needed the admonition to 'tarry till endued with

power from on high,' surely we should seek that tarrying-place till His will becomes ours in all our doing. He waits to come in and work through us. 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any one hear My voice and will open the door, I will go in to be with him and will feast with him, and he shall feast with Me.'

"As we study to make our great organization more perfect in every detail, and seek greater efficiency as workmen, let us remember that the power belongeth unto God, and only He can bring the increase. Jesus worked incessantly, but devoted long hours to communion with His Father. Says Fosdick: 'Some things can not be bought, or earned or achieved; they must be *caught*. They are transmitted by contact as fragrance is. True prayer is habitually putting ourselves under God's influence.' As we diligently seek His face, morning by morning, we shall find the old pain eased, the anxious forboding dispelled, resignation being merged into blessed co-operation with the Divine Will, and our hearts strengthened and cheered for the daily task.

"A Persian fable says:

"One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odors scented all the room.
"What art thou?" was his quick demand;
"Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?"
"Nay, I am but a lump of clay."
"Then, whence this wondrous perfume—say?"
"Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose."
Sweet parable! and will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's Rose,
Distill sweet odors all around,
Though low and mean themselves are found?
Dear Lord, abide with us, that we
May draw our perfume fresh from Thee'."

The foregoing beautifully suggestive Bible Reading is taken from *Missionary Tidings* (published by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions), a magazine exceptionally helpful in its "Hour of Prayer" department.—*Editor*.

A REQUEST

I have a new Radiopticon, which shows post cards and any kind of a picture up to six inches square. If any of the HELPER readers would like to add to my collection for work in India, I should be very glad. I want

any kind of Bible pictures, especially those on the Life of Christ, small S. S. cards, and larger pictures. Post cards illustrative of History or Geography, large and special buildings, industries, etc., will be very useful there in school work and zenana work as well. Then I want a collection especially interesting to small children, pictures of animals, etc. Old post cards with writing are all right if the scene is useful. Send by mail to my address and I will thank you later through the HELPER.

Sincerely yours,

SADIE B. GOWEN,
Detroit, Maine.

OUR FOLKS

Isn't it good to hear from our Corresponding Secretary again? The Editor had to resort to threats! Miss Fenner wrote from Berkeley, California, June 26, "I'm too busy *doing* to write about it. My days come ready made and bubbling over. This card is being written in the midst of the Pacific Coast Baptist Conference, representing six states and held once in five years. I send you this as a peace offering!" In sending her annual report, later, from Seattle, she wrote, "I am starting off for a day and a night on the 'Robert G. Seymour', and Alaska is yet ahead of me."Miss Gowen says, "I am going back to India as soon as all the necessary red tape is unwound. It will probably be December before I can go. One has to go loaded with legal documents these days. Sailings are difficult to obtain and very uncertain."Miss M. Elsie Barnard of Providence, R. I., who also goes to our Bengal-Orissa field, has promised the Editor that HELPER readers shall soon know more about her life and work and plans, in order that we may all be able to follow her into the new field with intelligent and sympathetic interest.....The New Era Auxiliary, Pittsfield, Maine, sends a contribution to the HELPER Cut Fund. Their treasurer writes, "I hope money enough will be forthcoming to continue the HELPER, for we surely cannot *afford* to do without it. It is the only way a great many of us have of understanding and keeping in touch with our work." Other contributions have recently been received from Mrs. Coldren, Lansing, Mich., Mrs. Mosher, Boston, and Miss Porter, Peabody, Mass. *Thank you.* A friendly editor writes, "The last number of the HELPER has just come to the desk. It is as good as it can be from cover to cover."We are just on the fringes of summer events at Ocean Park, as we write these notes, but our next number will tell you

more about them. We regret that, because of a long illness, Miss Waterman cannot tell you the story in her happy fashion. Our prayers are with her in this convalescing time. The program for annual meeting looks inviting. By the way, a member of our publicity committee, Miss Cora E. Edgerly, is the composer of a popular march, "General Pershing March," which has been personally approved and accepted by General Pershing. It is arranged for piano, band and orchestra, and has been issued on a Columbia record. We are interested in the successes of our girls.....Dr. Mary Bachelor has sent a box of India things—handkerchiefs made by our native workers, mosses gathered by Miss Butts and mounted on cards, red seeds, crude bracelets, and other curious things—to be sold at Ocean Park.....Miss Coombs, referring to the delayed mails, writes, "We get very hungry for home letters!" Other missionaries tell the same story. Are we writing as often and as newsily as we ought?.....Mrs. Frances Stewart Mosher, who has been connected with all of our work ever since she was born, has been elected a member of the Board of Managers of the New England District of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. This is especially fitting because of Mrs. Mosher's long time affiliation with Storer College.....Two more auxiliaries report the largest Thank Offering in the history—West Bowdoin, Me., and Lowell, Mass. Next!.....We are more than ever thankful that so many young women are being made life members of our National Society, as one by one the older members pass on. Two of the names under "In Memoriam" are those of life members, Mrs. Frye and Mrs. Small, the latter one of the founders of the West Falmouth auxiliary and for 22 years its treasurer. Nearly every name comes with some tender message from a group of loving fellow-workers. We often think how much these lives have meant to us, all these years, even if we have not met them face to face.....Our Treasurer requests that the following note be passed on to Michigan women, "Mrs. Otis, Treasurer, Central District W. A. B. F. M. 'S., requests that Bengal-Orissa remittances be sent to Rev. E. M. Lake, Capital National Bank Building, Lansing, Mich." "To him also," Miss Porter adds, "the Storer gifts go forward, as there is a single collecting agency in Mich." Mrs. Otis explains, "If they send it to him, *stating the designation of the money*, it will come to me at the end of the month and will also be reported on the list he gives to the State officer of the Woman's Society."

Juniors



JOLLY JAPANESE BABIES.

(To be given by three tiny maids with dolls strapped to back and carrying out motions noted below.)

This is the way we pack the babes	This is the way the baby stands
When we go out to play;	If we stoop down, you see;
We strap them tightly on our backs,	But he is often treated thus—
Then they can't run away.	He's as patient as can be.

This is the way we rock the babes
When they begin to cry;
We move our shoulders up and down
And sing a lullaby.

1. As they recite first verse in unison, they should turn and take four steps to the right, then four steps to the left, that the audience may see the dolls.
2. All stoop over, as they recite second verse.
3. All shrug shoulders, in third verse, and as they finish they should move toward their seats, humming a little lullaby, keeping time with the movements of their shoulders.

—Selected.

THE STRONGEST THING IN THE WORLD

This is quite a true story and Christopher is a real boy. Although he has grown big now, I could take you to see him tomorrow if you wanted me to do so. Well, one cold, wintry morning, in a certain village, a woman opened her cottage door and found on the step a basket and in the basket a little baby boy. Somebody must have left him there; but although the cottage woman carried him indoors, she just couldn't keep him, because she had quite enough children of her own. So she took him to a house in the village where they looked after friendless little children, and there they took him in. All they could find out about his name was the word "Christopher," which was marked on his little nightshirt.

Christopher, of course, began to grow up, but the people who looked after him were not kind to him. He hadn't enough to eat and was pushed here and there. No one loved him as a father and mother would. So how could he grow up a nice boy? Sure enough, he didn't. He grew up terribly bad. Nobody would have him to work, because he would worry

the pigs and let the sheep run out of the fields. And he made all the children most awfully afraid of him. I know one little girl who used to burst out crying every time she saw him if she was alone. But don't say, "What a beast!" for Christopher didn't know how jolly it is to be nice. He had nobody to care about his being good, and it is dreadfully hard to be good when you've never had any one to love you and tuck you in at night.

Well, Christopher got worse and worse, and he couldn't get a smile from anybody. Even the best old man in the village said, "He's a bad fellow, Christopher; he'll never be cured." Christopher couldn't get any work, and he couldn't get any money; but no one seemed sorry. Yet there was a dear old lady near the village who had some cows, and she wanted somebody to bring them from the field each night and morning, to milk them, and to see that the shed was cleaned. So she said to somebody, "I wonder how that Christopher would do?" And that somebody replied: "Oh, don't take him! He'll kill the cows and ruin you. Why, nothing in the world could make him do anything or make him better." Then the old lady said a queer thing. This is what she said: "Well, I'm going to have him look after the cows, and I'll see if the strongest thing in the world will cure him." She didn't say what the strongest thing was, and everybody thought that she was a silly old lady. But she took Christopher; and somehow the cows didn't die, and the cow-shed was kept clean. Nobody ever heard her scold Christopher. She got him a new suit of clothes, and she gave him five shillings a week, and nobody could find out Christopher wasted the money in silly ways. By and by Christopher, who had been the cheekiest boy you can think of, stopped being cheeky, the children coming home from school stopped being afraid of him, and his face became quite shiny and happy. Then people went to the old lady and said, "How did you ever make Christopher so different?" And she said, "Oh, I tried the strongest thing in the world." Nobody could make her say anything more. This is really, really true.

Now guess what the strongest thing is. It changed Christopher; and if it could change Christopher, I am sure it could change the horriddest person you know.—*Christian Commonwealth*.

AN ACQUAINTANCESHIP DRIVE

Wise leaders are laying in their stock of methods for the fall campaign. How can new members be secured in a church in which only a small proportion of the women belong to the missionary society? "We cannot expect them to come to us when they are not interested. We must go to them," said Miss Business Woman. "But how can we make an interesting appeal when everybody is killed with money appeals now?" questioned Mrs. Doubting-Thomas. "We might have some sort of a 'drive' and do it all up in a week; that seems to be the up-to-date method," suggested a Red Cross collector.

Thus it was that the Acquaintanceship Drive was launched. A young art student contributed a poster which, with consummate guile, omitted any mention of missions, since some belated women still cherish back-number prejudices on this point. The poster represented a lady receiving with outstretched hands a caller at her door. Above were the words "Acquaintanceship Drive" and the dates, and beneath, "Keep your latch-string out." The church calendar printed an announcement that during the coming week every woman in the church would be called upon by certain ladies for the friendly purpose of making her acquaintance and also of acquainting her with certain aspects of church activity. The names were divided territorially and assigned to the members. Each was given that wonderfully persuasive consecration leaflet, "The Woman Who Gave Herself." She was also armed with mite boxes, pledge cards and sample copies of the missionary magazine. Then they started, two by two, agreeing to meet at the end of the week for a basket supper, bringing with them their reports.

Did it work? Indeed it worked, as any well-planned and well-prayed-for and well-executed scheme will work.

—Suggestions from an article in *The Missionary Review of the World*.

Contributions

Receipts for June, 1918

MAINE

Augusta, Penney Mem'l F B W M S, T O, Brown Babies \$3.33; Storer 9.00; Bengal-Orissa 9.60	21 33
Bangor, Essex St Aux by T O makes Mrs Addie M Mitchell L M F B W M S Gray F B W M S for Storer	4 40
Houlton F B W M S, T O, ½ Bengal-Orissa ½ Storer College	20 00
Lewiston, United Bapt W M S, T O, for C F	36 63
Do Primary Dpt, shares in salary Miss E E Barnes	9 00
No Lebanon W M S, T O, ½ Bengal-Orissa, ½ Storer on appor	31 00
Ocean Park Toilers-by-the-Sea T O, C R 3.15; Storer 16.88; B-O 16.88; C F 16.89 (L M Misses Rowena Brackett and Doris Folsom)	53 80
Pittsfield, New Era Aux for Storer, T O Portland, 1st F B Aux, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer (L M's Mrs L W Spofford, Mrs K Hartley, Mrs John Arba Marsh)	11 00
Scarboro F B W M S for Lena McKenney, S O	71 00
So Berwick Aux, T O 20.00; for Dr Mary Bachelor's work S O 10.00; Storer 10.00; Zenana teacher Balasore \$10; dues 10.00 for Storer	25 00
(L M's Mrs Ellen A Spencer & Mr Rosa B Smith)	40 00
So Portland Aux, T O, \$10 Storer; 24.21 Contingent Fund	34 21
(L M Miss Imogene Hannaford)	16 00
Steep Falls W M S, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer Topsham United Bapt W M S (T O 23.00) Storer 20.00; School Bal 10.00 on ch appor	30 00
West Falmouth, W M S, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	21 00
(Completes L M Mrs Nettie E Noyes: 15.86 toward L M Mrs M E Huston ch appor)	7 75
Helping Hands for for Miss Barnes 4.00; C R for Brown Babies 3.75	1 00
Woodfords, Mrs T F Maxim, Bengal-Orissa, T O	

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Center Strafford Aux (T O 8.65) ½ Bengal-Orissa, ½ Storer, on appor 2nd Strafford Ch	16 65
Contoocook Miis'y Soc'y. Dues, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	6 00
Epsom F B W M S for Bengal-Orissa, T O Gonic Aux, T O, ch appor, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	26 37
Hampton W M S, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	18 00
(Completes L M Mrs Sarah Brown 5.00; L M Mrs Jennie James 20.00; previous gift makes Mrs L Stoodly L M)	25 00
New Hampton W M S, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	
(L M Mrs Francis S Hill)	22 00
New Loudon, Miss Mary E Richardson, B-O 3.00; Storer 2.00	5 00
Pittsfield F B Y P M S, for Pittsfield School at Balasore	5 00
Rochester W M S, add'l T O for Dr Bachelor's use in S O	5 00
(L M completed Mrs A M Cotton)	
Walnut Grove Ch, W M S (T O 9.00) on appor ½ B-O, ½ Storer	15 00

VERMONT

Waterbury Center, Estella M Pike, T O, ½ Bengal-Orissa, ½ Storer	1 00
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MASSACHUSETTS

Haverhill Aux, T O, 'Dea Page's Girls,' share sal'y Miss Barnes 4.00; Contingent Fund 16.00	20 00
(L M Mrs Martha S Lombard)	
Somerville, Randall Mem'l W M S	2 00
Friend, Cwt Fund, Helper	2 50

RHODE ISLAND

Carolina Aux for Storer	2 50
Providence, Rog Wms Aux, completion of appor for quarter ending June 30, 1918, Storer 23.78; Bengal-Orissa 23.78 (Thank Offering 20.00)	47 56

NEW YORK

Niobe, Mrs Nettie Fowler, B-O	2 00
Poland Aux, dues for Contingent Fund	25 50

MICHIGAN

Alba, Mrs Martha Roy for Kadombini S O	15 00
Gobleville W M S, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer (ch appor)	14 00
Litchfield Aux for Storer on L M Mrs Sarah Lindsey, Litchfield (ch appor)	2 00
No Reading W M S, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	14 12
Ousted W M S, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	18 12

MINNESOTA

Brainard Mission Soc'y, T O, ½ B-O, ½ Storer	35 00
(L M Mrs Edna Lloyd, Truman, Minn)	
Winnebago, Bapt Ch Aux, Phillips Family Pledge for sal'y Mrs Holder	10 00
Do Prim Dpt for shares sal'y Miss Barnes	8 00

KANSAS

Jamestown, Buffalo Valley Aux, C Roll and Thank Offering Coll, S O 7.50; Gen'l Bengal-O 7.50	15 00
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TEXAS

Azle, F B W M S for sal'y Mrs I Holder	11 75
Bryan, F B W M S, Do	10 35
Ch, M S & J L Edge for supp't Doris Holder	60 00
Clayton F B W M S, sal'y Mrs Holder	12 15
Good Hope F B W M S, Do	11 25
Kurtin F B W M S, Do	5 00
Texas Churches, Do	31 05

CALIFORNIA

Escondido, Mr and Mrs Henry Hyde, T O for Helper Sustaining Fund	5 00
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MISCELLANEOUS

Income Moulton Fund for Gori at Bal	10 00
Starbird Fund for Child S O	20 00
Hanson Fund for Hanson Sch, Bal	5 00

West Falmouth Aux, State Inc Fund	\$992 99
	1 00

Total Receipts for June, 1918 \$993 99

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

